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MOUNTAIN ECHOES

**SPORTS
FICTION
HUMOR
SOCIAL EVENTS**

**MAY
JUNE**

MOUNTAIN ECHOES

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

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by

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Photographic plates
courtesy of
the Winnipeg Tribune

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The Editor's Page

How seemingly endless the days and yet this pause along life's way is merely an interlude—an infinitesimal page from the annals of life, to be taken for what it is and nothing more.

When the time of departure comes, there will be others who will sanction the movement by recognizing the hour and granting permission. Whatever will become a reality will take place with the passing of time Of this, I am certain.

This occurrence can not be hurried nor can it be made to swerve from its predestined course. Time and time alone, will administer the decree by command. Everything of importance, in the happenings of my life, that has been said and done, reflects this foregone conviction—this belief tried and true from out of the fires of argument and evidence, I have experienced.

When the allotted time has passed, I will be called upon to make a choice. I will, presumably, make the decision—and abide by it. It has been a long and a strange walk up the hill. Now that I have attained this position, I am not ready to come down. This, to me, is and has been my destiny. I could not change it even if I so desired. I have made my daily life an acceptance of certain things—quietly, I accept these, as they were and as they must remain to be. The distance is far off and shadowy—where I must travel as I walk alone. None other will have to trace my footsteps—my footprints have followed a pattern of life likened to secluded byways. A wilderness of hunter and hunted, uncharted by the masses, yet known to a select few . . . Of this, I am certain.

The choice of this was not of me — all had been arranged. Everything that happened, like a well-executed blueprint, had been drafted and placed in a proper niche according to numerical order. Like a deck of playing cards, manipulated, after a quick shuffle by a gambler — each card dealt precisely in the sequence called. Within me, a belief, as if substantiated by former happenings — an undeniable certainty. Realizing without knowing what I realize. I needed no incentive or compelling force to drive myself. The only requisite was the necessity to wait. Fate lifted her beckoning finger — predestined predestination Of this, I am certain.

The years, in passing, had been as stones forming a path — now I needst but walk out upon the years of handiwork and take my designated position — my rightful place. Without hesitation, I affirm — of this, I am certain.

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Sunday SPOTLIGHT

by Ken Wilson

FIRST INMATE AMATEUR SHOW

Mr. Tegman, one of our classification officers, opened the show by introducing Leo M., the manager of the get-together, who told a few jokes before Johnny W. took over the M.C. duties. (No relation to the Bottled in Bond.)

The first number of the evening was some typical Old-Time Western music and featured Moose on the fiddle; with John N., Fred H., Jim B., and Marcel L. on the guitars, backed up by Don G. on the drums.

(Just as Moose started playing, we had a very important visitor - the Dome Cat (Blackie) came in and nonchalantly chose one of the Judge's laps for his point of observation.)

Second on the program was Louie L. singing two numbers - "Unchained Melody" and "Teach Me Tonight."

Ralph C. gave out on a trumpet next and was backed by John N. on the guitar and John B. on the drums.

An old standby, Blackie P, brought up the next act with his electric guitar and backed by his group: John N., Don Mc., Marcel L. on guitars and John B. on the drums. They played "Tippy Toes" and then Blackie sang a song entitled "The Wall."

Roland L., our B League ump, sang his way up the ladder of success with "Your Cheating Heart" and "Blueberry Hill," backed by Blackie, Mac, and Bob L. on guitars, and John B. on drums.

A selection offered on the piano, while the stage was being made up for the next performance -- by one of the clientele.

A skit, "The Old Bar" was performed by Johnny W., Leo M., and Champagne.

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ODZ N' ENZ

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

If you should happen across some mistakes — grammatical, punctuative, word - wise or otherwise — please ignore as we try and make this a pleasure in literary-value for all types of perusers. (Readers, i.e.)

THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING

Look, Ma, no cavities.

Mother, I'd rather do it myself!

Does she or doesn't she?

Are you still using that greasy-kid stuff?

Our group had 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ % fewer cavities. (Revised — 1954)

Which one has the Tony?

Discrimination — Segregation — Rehabilitation — Annihilation —
Predestination — Lung Cancer.

Hey, Bud, can yah spare a quarter for a cuppa Joe?

Some folks are trying to diet, others are simply dying to try it.

If you have a drinking problem, come to Canada where people are drinking Canada Dry! (Thirst no more.)

Simplicity is the rule: Send Hallmark and you send the best — send the Mountain Echoes, that's it!

What we need is a good 5 cent cuppa coffee—for that matter a good cuppa coffee would suffice.

Heinz claims 57 — wonder who will try for 58?

Before and after. (Does that glare bother you?)

I was a 97 lb. weakling. (Now, I weigh 98.)

A fellow went into a Pet Shop and told the clerk, "I want to buy a pet. Not just any ordinary canary, or dog, or cat—I want something unusual, something different."

The clerk thought a minute and said, "just a minute." He walked to the back of the shop and returned with his hands full of what looked like a mound of fur.

The fellow asked, "what's that?"

The clerk replied, "we call it a RAIREE."

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Cornagraphic

Edia

The housewife, after preparing breakfast and getting her husband off to work and the kids to school, proceeded to do her washing in the basement. Noticing her robe was a bit on the dirty side, she tossed it in with the other wash and upon looking around observed cobwebs forming on the rafters. Dressed only in her nightgown, she grabbed a broom and proceeded to sweep at the webs. Dirt and dust fell on her hair and seeing her son's football helmet she donned it as a safeguard against the dust.

Several minutes later, she heard the back door open — the meter man was coming down the stairs. Hoping he wouldn't notice her, she stood still and he went about his business without a glance in her direction. Finishing, he climbed the stairs and, upon reaching the top, he turned around and said, "Lady, I sure hope your team wins."

One way of checking wether an elephant has been in your refrigerator: always look for tracks in the butter dish. (If so, he's been.)

Teacher was getting acquainted with her new pupils and asking them their names. Asking one little boy his name, he replied, "Peter Period "

She smiled and said, "You must be telling me your nickname, now what is your name?"

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Continuation

PENAL XYZ'S

by Frank L. Morton

The Library is quite complete as penal Libraries go, but nevertheless the printed word is always in demand and our Library is no exception.

Mr. B. Thorgrimson is the head man in this department and does the best he can to keep the "demand in supply."

Books and/or magazines are delivered to the inmates five days a week. The men in the Library work industriously — sorting, cataloging, filing and unfileing books and magazines to keep the smooth working machine operating.

At one time, the greatest demand in prison Libraries was for fiction. However, this is not the case anymore. There is, today, an ever-increasing demand for the non-fiction classes of literature — books on Psychology, Arts, Sciences, History, Philosophy, Languages, Law, Literature and Biography. The books available on the above subjects are constantly in demand and, at times, one's name must be placed on a waiting list in order to obtain a certain book.

Our Library at Stony Mountain has two departments. The main section contains the majority of the

books. To obtain a book an inmate fills out a card with the numbers of the books he would like to read — there is room on the card for sixty selections — a book of his choice is then sent out to him. He may keep this book for as long as he desires, but he does not receive another until this book is returned. Under the circumstances, this system is not foolproof and books in demand do not return to the Library for months at a time — hence, the Selected Book Section.

This department contains the newer books and the Classics. A closer scrutiny is kept on "Who's got which book" and "How long has he had it?" A special catalogue is issued and a two week time limit is placed on all books. An extension may be obtained if a man has not finished a book in the allotted time. Although it involves more work, this system has proven itself the better of the two.

There are roughly forty different magazines that arrive from the publishers at different intervals — a good all round selection of the top magazines in North America. Of course, there are a few "mags" for which the requests continuously

flow, like "Playboy" and "Man's Magazine," but under the circumstances we can understand the reluctance to make them available.

The penitentiary is allotted a sum of money, about \$2.00 per inmate per year, for the purchase of books and magazines. This money is being put to good use and the stock and quality of books is slowly increasing.

Benny, has worked the longest in this department. He says, when he first arrived in the penitentiary, the authors in demand were Zane Gray and Edgar Rice Burroughs. I think he's pulling my leg — at any rate, Benny is getting short and the smile is widening. (He has gone to where the grass is greener — the Farm Annex. Ed.)

In addition to the books available, the University Extension Library is at the disposal of those who feel the need of it. This medium is handled through Mr Thorgrimson's office. Just see John More — always willing, pen in hand, and ready store of wit.

The Bindery is responsible for the upkeep and numbering of our many volumes; a job of work - a - plenty.

Jack Wannop, the pillar of strength in this field of endeavor, and his crew of one, put in many man hours with brush in hand — literally glued to the job.

Stacks of library books are constantly traveling to and from the Bindery. Some enter looking like the "wreck of the Hesperus" and come out all shiny and new.

Covering the Library magazines is another task. About fifty a week arrive from the publisher and must be covered to insure their temporary durability.

The making of record book covers, the cutting and binding of school exercise books and numerous other jobs find their way to this department. A busy shop indeed! Jack also engraves and carves most of the cuts for the Mountain Echoes.

Which brings us to the above mentioned Publication.

Hoppe and his mighty staff of 2 who edit, hand composite and print this magazine, whether their 'salty' old press likes it or not, are long overdue for a pat on the back.

From a little ink stain to the well itself — well done, Diehards!

About this thing tabbed Rehabilitation:—

Emphasis should be shown on treatment — individual treatment. When the core of the trouble is located, treatment can then be applied to remove it.

A

A



by Duke Elderkin

After having a few months of sobriety, I made a slip — this slip resulted in two more years of my freedom. "It's just a slip," they told me, "you know the program, get back with it." This was not the program; this was the lack of it, combined with self-willed thinking and action. There is no standing still in this program. One either progresses or regresses, depending on his acceptance and understanding. False progress and false understanding most often leads to another slip. Here, in prison, I can find peace of mind by working this program. This does not work the same for each of us. We have our own personal problems to work out. But, with the association of this group, we're fighting a common problem. I'm gaining strength because I know the others are fighting with me and looking for the same path - a healthy, productive future. The peace I now enjoy comes from my newly - found ability to face my problems squarely. They will be with me for the rest of my life, but with help of the group I can see them, discuss them, and learn how to live them. Now, I am truly understanding the Twelve Steps, and even to practice them. I survey the past, compare what I am to what I was. And more, I pray that what I will be will not leave me with the same regrets. A.A. Principles, and my Higher Power, can perpetuate this sober attitude and thought. The application of these principles are up to me. But, knowing that I am afflicted with this disease, Alcoholism, and that it will only take one drink to land me into some kind of trouble, I like to be honest with myself - I don't try to fool myself anymore. I'm an alcoholic for the rest of my life and must learn to live one day at a time. This is my new life.

HOBBY CORNER

F.E.J. HOPPE

Dear Friend,

Some time ago, you asked me to try and find out something about articles made by the Inmates here. Well, I recently had the opportunity to browse around the Hobby Shop and I was really astounded at the craftsmanship of the articles on display there. I am sure that you will enjoy yourself when you make the visit you plan on sometime in the future. As you requested of me, I inquired of prices on most of the items displayed. You did say that nothing definite had been decided upon as you wondered about what you might expect to find. Personally, I believe you will have a field day — there are so many things that will suit your needs. And, I'm sure your Son and Wife will appreciate having whatever you pick for their wedding presents. After all, anniversaries are always remembered better by something handmade.

As you know, I have had the opportunity of seeing other prison-made handwork and, personally, I don't think I've seen any better than this displayed right here. Oh, sometimes, a person devotes months of his time in making something special for a certain someone — but doing something like that is not comparable — more sentiment goes into every detail. But, don't get me wrong — the work is every bit as well done. Everything is designed with selling power, and it has salability. Anyway, I suppose I had best go into detail about what I've seen: —

There are innumerable copper plaques, fashioned from molds and also done free-hand, that would do justice to a place over any fireplace. And, you would be surprised at the prices — all are framed beautifully and the larger ones average out \$7.00 to \$8.00. Then, I got to thinking about that coffee table you had inlaid last year. There is an inlaid cribbage board I think you might get even cheaper than the \$7.00 price tag reads. Even at that price, it's a steal — and it's made with that coffee table in mind! You know, I'd even enjoy pegging '29' hands on something as nice as that.

Come to think of it, you did mention money was no object as long as you got what you wanted. Not having anything of my own for sale, I

think I have an idea. On each side of that copper plaque, a Petit-Point Basket Of Poppies would certainly set that fireplace off in contrast to a Shepherd's Idyl and a Blue Boy across the room facing each other. The prices are in accordance with needlework of the finest — and the work is comparable. An example would be the proverbial bedspread that Grandma crocheted, were she to sell it. I know, it was usually raffled off at some Church bazaar. One thing I'm safe in mentioning — bring your checkbook, as you'll need it before you leave. All of the items are that enticing.

Knowing you're a woman, I'm sure you do your share of browsing around jewelry counters in department stores. Well, we have some earring and pendant and broach sets fashioned in Petit Point that will astonish you — and they are priced reasonably too. And, the other jewelry sets are every bit as nice as anything you might run across anywhere. Some are priced \$1.50 — \$2.00, while sets go up to \$7.00 — but, remember, these are all handmade. I don't believe anyone can match these prices or the workmanship. So, just in case you need to replenish your beautifying equipment, this is the place. (Ha-Ha.)

While you're at it, be sure and look over the leather goods — there are billfolds, key cases, and purses to match, and they are tooled with intricate designs. Your Husband might have need of a pocket secretary — some of these are morocco and some are tooled. The prices, well, you'd be surprised. The morocco billfolds average about \$4.00 — \$4.50 and the tooled are about \$4.75. A keycase to match is about \$1.50 and then you have a matched set of accessories that will stand up to anything along the line. You might even pick up a billfold that would suit your needs.

By the way, I inquired about the hours when you would be able to see these items and when there is someone around to show them to you. Any Monday through Friday between the hours of 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m., is the best time. If you need any further information, just phone or write:- The Warden, ATT. Mr. R.E. Howard; Hobby Officer, Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Cordially, as ever,

Francis

Tears In The Night

Softly, sleep comes to close my eyes
And bring night's dreams of you;
Hours that I may hold you close,
Like I once used to do.

I know my sleep will not be long,
With you far from my side;
Tears will erase all of my dreams
And then, why have I cried?

Last night, I held you in my arms
And kissed you long, so long;
That is, I dreamed I did, and now —
Did I, or am I wrong?

When I awoke, my cheeks were wet
From tears of happiness;
I held you close in every dream —
And now, the doubtfulness.

One thing I know, my tears were real —
That part was all too true;
Tear-wet cheeks aren't just dreams, my Dear --
Especially, mine for You.

F.E.J. HOPPE

The Adventurer

by Frank Morton

From the time man first ventured from his familiar surroundings and entered into the unknown and the unexplored, from the first moment he allowed his rebellious spirit to slip the chains of conformity and lead him from the relative safety of his society and into the world of adventure, yes, that very moment, the criminal was born.

If you will permit me to expatiate through the ages I will attempt to elaborate on the above.

Man has rebelled since the beginning, Adam broke the first rule on earth and, being the only man — well, I'll let you ponder your ancestry while I brusquely move ahead to a period a few centuries ago in England. Whether fantasy or not, there lived a notorious 'hood' called Robin. Robin Hood, though he killed and plundered, was not considered in that light, but a hero by the people who profited by his misdeeds — and so, became a legend.

And then, but a short time later in the expanse of time, in merrie olde England, there lived a queen who delighted in giving aid and receiving booty from a band of the most ruthless cutthroats that ever

stood a quarter deck. These well known pirates, masquerading under the 'nom de plume' of English Freebooters, plundered the seven seas and anything that floated thereupon with the blessings of the English Crown.

More recently, in the southern United States, there lived an adventurer who terrorized the authorities in many States, but who lives today in history a hero. Jesse James was loved by many.

The question is, where do you draw the line between criminal and adventurer, rebel and rable? Was the frontier sheriff any better than the hired gun? Historians tell us many a western gunman became a lawman and vice-versa. The bounty hunter; was he not as bad as the bounty he hunted? The soldier of fortune; does remuneration and foreign country make it right? And the mercenary, who's only request is for food and ammunition in return for his gun?

Some of these men stayed within the law; others crossed the fine line that divides right from wrong — men, who would not or could not contain their rebellious spirit and so became adventurers.

Where are these men today? Did they just disappear, become extinct? Did man finally learn to control this driving urge for adventure?

No, in all reality, he lives today, and to find him I suggest a visit to any court of law. There before the bench, along with others, you will find the adventurer from out of the past standing before the docket. Perchance you will know him by the defiance in his eyes, or the way he stands, erect and unafraid. Oh yes, he's aware that he's broken the law and is probably sorry that he stands where he does. But he knows that this is the penalty he must pay for his nonconformity.

Today's world is creating more and more of these rebels, or delin-

quents, as psychologists so aptly name them. The professions are becoming extremely lengthy and complicated to master, which means more years in school for the student and more years in harness. Some will not wait. Do we just write them off? This writer thinks not. These kids that make that first mistake, are they bad, or just adventurous? If society could divert their attention to a worthwhile cause they could become a credit to their community and even their country.

In closing; A salute to the U.S. and the late President, John F. Kennedy who organized the Peace Corps; controlled adventure for the young rebellious spirit.

The Good Samaritan ? ? ?

A motorist was having difficulty starting his car and spotting a lady motorist close by, he walked over and asked her if she would give him a push. Ascertaining she would, he told her she would have to go 35 miles an hour as his car had an automatic transmission.

Settling himself behind the wheel of the car, he gave a casual glance up at his rear view mirror. Bearing down at him, at 35 miles an hour, was the lady motorist! (Egad!)

The little boy replied, "Peter Period."

The teacher left the classroom and went to the principal's office. Going up to the Principal's secretary, she asked, "Mae, do we have a Peter Period?"

Mae looked up with a smile, "Are you kidding? We don't even have a coffee break."

This word has bugged me for quite some time — I am in a dither ! Would someone help me with the spelling, if it's wrong? I'd appreciate knowing: pneumomoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis. Also would like to know what type of metals it is attached to as it's a miner's disease, and I'm hoping it isn't pertaining to lead. I think I've got that kind — so many have told me to get the lead out !

A little bird told me:—

"Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve men came walking by;
Each took a pear,
And left eleven hanging there,"
How come?

(Answer upon written request to proper authorities)

A young boy saw a Help Wanted sign in a neighborhood drug store window and, going inside, he approached the owner and asked if he could have the job.

"I don't see any reason why not," replied the druggist, "you look like a fine young lad. What's your name?"

"Benjamin Franklin, Sir," answered the boy.

"Say how about that," replied the druggist. "That's a pretty famous name."

"It should be," said the boy, "I've been delivering newspapers in this neighborhood for over two years."

(The Bay Banner.)

Cont. from page 3

Near by, at hand, lie centuries of History, Biography, Geography and the Bible's great story of mankind written from the beginning of time and on through the years. Some of the Psalms and Proverbs I recall but most I have forgotten. But, the few parts I deigned to remember will remain with me — in future years, perhaps, I will have use for this knowledge from time to time. A man learns the fundamentals enabling him to read and, with such an accomplishment, forges ahead with an available education in his hands. Through the years, reading progresses — to some extent in elementary elements — some through parochial, and some through higher elements. And yet, a large share is formed in crude fashion, in primitive and illiterate elements. Minority in such does not prevail.

Of my future, what has Fate decreed — in what manner will the answer come to the fore? Perhaps, some future day, I will peruse some tome of literature and come across a carbon copy of servitude such as performed by me throughout these lifelong years. Undoubtedly, no monument but, assuredly, an epitaph. . . Of this, I am certain.

Cont. from page 5

"I'll take it."

"I'll sell it to you but I'll have to give you some information about it. This animal will grow fast and attain hugeness in a very short time."

"I don't care. I'm a carpenter and I can keep building houses for it."

Taking the RAIREE home, he built a suitable house for it and six days later the sides busted out. Building a larger house, ten days later the sides busted out too. Putting the RAIREE in the garage, two weeks passed and its sides busted out. Putting the RAIREE in the basement, he called the War Department. "I have something here that is growing so fast, it will devour humanity."

Two brass hats came and looked the animal over and telephoned for a truck equipped with lift and chains. When the truck arrived, they chained the RAIREE and raised it onto the back of the truck, and hauled it to the White Cliffs of Dover -- right to the very edge.

The RAIREE looked over and asked, "how far down is it?"

They answered, "1500 feet."

The RAIREE said, "hm-m, that's a long way to tip a RAIREE."

Marcel L., a rising young vocalist, gave out with French and English versions of "The French Song and "Folsom Prison Blues,"

A change of pace brought a trio comprised of Mike P., Ron Mc. and Andy J., singing "Green Fields," and "The Battle of Jericho."

Don Mc. sang next with his version of "Walking My Baby Back Home" and "Red Sails In The Sunset."

Don Mc., Champagne, Leo M., and Johnny W. got together and gave a skit portraying an English Park and The Gay Blades.

Fred H. came out next and vocalized on "I Would Like To Be Alone With You" and "Long Gone Lonesome Blues."

Following this, John N. did a vocal backed by his group — "Lonesome Me." Called back again, he sang "Lazy River" and "Bill Bailey "

Jim L. sang without accompaniment and did his vocals in both French and English. His offerings were "Ebb Tide" and "You Never Walk Alone."

Joe B. (Al Jolsonized) "Toot Toot Tootsie" and "Mammy."

Ken D. and his able group of Don I. and Bob L. on guitars did some middle of the year moving on "Lonesome Traveler" and "Summertime."

Bob S. sang "Tenderly" and left the winning of first prize up to the others — his Sax conked out at the last minute.

Following Bob, Don G. dished out a guitar solo "Guitar Boogie" and was backed by Jim B. on 2nd guitar and John B. on drums.

The Judges were Jack W., Karl S., Russell S., Joe C., and Murray W. They picked the following winners: John N. 1st, Joe B. 2nd, Jim L. 3rd, Blackie 4th, Louis L. 5th, Jim B. 6th, and Ken D. 7th.

The first place winner felt he should not take the prize as he appeared for the entertainment of the fellows. So, he sent his prize to a young lad in the hospital. Personally, this seemed to be the nicest gesture I've seen in quite some time. I feel he should be commended for this with a word of recognition — thank you, John N.



Our most heartfelt thanks to the
students of Miles Mac Donnell
Collegiate for their fine performance at
the concert they gave us last month.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS

Belated Curling News

By Al Funk

Our last issue was a Special Farm Annex Edition and we portioned eight (8) pages to that department. However, we did justice to their sports and seemed to miss up on part of the sports program from the MAXIMUM side — some mix-up caused the loss of a curling write-up. Here's a couple:

"We had the Al Funk Rink taking the Curling Trophy, with an impressive record of 17 wins and 4 losses, over 3 Run Offs, 2 Round Robins, and 1 Bonspiel.

The winning team must have 5 points — 2 points for each win over the 3 series. That is to say, the top team must win 2 of the 3 series and come in second in the third event in order to compile 5 points, or better, to win the Trophy.

The top team consisted of R. Neergard as third, Al Cyr as second, G. Allen as lead, and also as lead and spare for the team was George B. S., and skipped by Al Funk.

As curling was the latest sport to be introduced here, it was only fitting that the Trophy be presented by Deputy Warden Wickey, the one donating the Trophy, at the Banquet. A big round of applause was given the winning team for a great effort and a true representative of top Curling calibre.

Curling Finals

by J. Brennan - Commissioner

During my term as Commissioner, beginning the second week of February, three (3) Bonspiels took place. The rink entered from the Blacksmith Shop, skipped by F. McDonald, won five (5) straight games - thereby taking top honors. The above rink were noticed to be smoking quite heavily during the following weeks. (Loser's entry fee ???)

The next Bonspiel consisted of three (3) rinks from the Village playing against three (3) chosen from the Institution. This event was won by the rink from the Electrician's Shop, and was skipped by Lahoskie. What

ever prompted the statements made pertaining to Lady Luck, this remark was overheard in passing: "Lahoskie must have sand in one pocket and a Hot Broom."

The Curling season closed with a Bonspiel of four (4) entries - the Electricians again came through on top, but McDonald and his Blacksmith Shop rink showed us how they have been winning those cigars and cookies that have been putting pleasure into the past Winter months - it took a button draw with his last rock by Skip "Sandy" Lahoskie to win the final!

Our thanks to all who kept the ice in top shape - also to all the visiting rinks who helped make our "Inside" season a success.

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

There were 16 teams entered and the basis of play designated a "Double - Knockout" as the determining factor. (i.e.) A team had to be defeated twice before being eliminated. Each "Round" of play consisted of two periods of exercise - approximately six hours of play.

On the first round, teams were matched by draw and on subsequent rounds teams were matched in accordance with their Win - Loss records. (Teams with equal records being paired throughout.)

The team which won its four games became a finalist for the championship. The second finalist was the team which although suffering one loss during elimination rounds succeeded in disposing of all other teams who had also suffered one loss.

The team of George T. and Ed H. emerged as the first finalist having won their first four games.

The team of Pat G. and Bob P. defeated Ray B. and Andy J. on the 6th round. (Each team entered this round with 5 wins and 1 loss.) By virtue of this win, Pat and Bob won the second finalist honors and engaged George T. and Ed H. in a 25,000 point game. Pat and Bob emerged victorious by a narrow margin after approximately 12 hours of play. It is interesting to note that this team used the new "Italian" system of bidding — any conclusions as to the merits of this system however, must not be made too hastily in view of the fact that the one loss suffered by them in elimination rounds came at the hands of their victims in the Grand Final — Geo. T. and Ed H.

Much of the play in the early rounds could not be considered as "good" Bridge but as the weaker teams were gradually eliminated the calibre of play steadily improved and some very good bridge was evidenced in the 5th, 6th, and Grand Final Rounds.

The Director of the Tournament extends his thanks to all who competed for the courtesy and good sportsmanship shown throughout. Some of the losers were deserving of much better than Lady Luck gave them in the way of fighting cards but they accepted their losses with good grace and when the next Tournament is held the Director hopes that much of the element of "Luck" will be dispensed with by the introduction of Duplicate Bridge.

WEIGHT LIFTING

It can be said that Organized Weight Lifting by Groups is a relatively new enterprise for Stony Mountain. Also, it is progressing extremely well as the results below will reveal. These are only a few of the many that have benefited from the Group System:

O'leary (after ten months):

Before	Now
Weight 147	180
Chest 39	49
Arm 14	16½
Bench Press 140	280
Military Press 90	205

Bernard G. (after five months):

Before	Now
Weight 120	163
Chest 40	44
Arm 13¼	15½
Bench Press 180	270
Military Press 130	245

Erickson (after three months)

Before	Now
Weight 135	160
Chest 39	42
Arm 13	14½
Bench Press 135	225
Military Press 150	200

At present, our Group Instructors are:

Louie, Rupert, Nordlander, Harvey, Tuxson, Van Dusen, Yank Peltier, and Bernard. These fellows average 4 to 5 in their individual groups. All told, there are 50 fellows working out at the present time and the number is increasing all the time.

These instructors are assisted by Clark who has been appointed, along with Nordlander, by Chief Supervisors Mr. Hancock and Mr. Brown.

Before the Group systems came into practice, there were only three groups participating in the weight-lifting — as you can see, it has more than served its purpose.

It is also hoped that with the help of our Sport's Supervisors, Mr. Hancock and Mr. Brown, that in the not too distant future we will be having competitive meets with such clubs as Winnipeg's Y.M.C.A. and others interested in this field.

We Instructors feel that if all it takes is weights to give some of the

fellows here the added confidence they lack to make a go of it on the outside, then it's time well spent.

AND THEN THERE'S:

Seems there's a secret weapon here named Louie; no one knows how much he can lift. He works out with three hundred pounds and up! Bernard's taking a rest. He's working so hard he's losing weight instead of putting more on — Hicky's waiting for Spring before he lifts again, then Look Out! — Van Dusen still cleans 250 with no sweat; that's a Pro for you — Harvey quit and will pay someone to lift the weights for him, but you have to turn in the muscles afterwards! — Clark's mad because

he can't do a 400 shoulder arch yet. (Ed. Sounds plausible, Arty.) — O'leary is working for 19 inch arms day after day. Could be he'll get them too — Nordlander (Atlas) has arms so big they're pulling his shoulders down. — Yank's pretty well keeping to himself these days but hopes to be with us again shortly. — Rupert just can't get enough of those dumb bells; he's the inventor of the Butterfly exercise — Peltier is still gaining and gaining and gaining; there just doesn't seem to be anything to stop this guy.

Well, be seeing you in the near future — keep your balance.

by Artie C.

FASTBALL

Although snow, slush, mud and water occupied most of the diamond, enthusiasm was far from lacking in the veins of our ball aspirants. As soon as the weather permitted, the All-Stars and prison league got under full swing — dry spots were utilized at proper places for the bases and prospective players were soon in the screening process. With Jack S. as manager and George T. coaching, an all star team was formed and has shown strong resistance and a competitive nature in participating against outside Winnipeg Senior Teams. Although the Rebels have lost 3 and won 2, they have shown that they are not to be trifled with in this highly skilled and speedy sport.

At the turnout, there were enough players to form two teams, and the coach and manager came close to tossing a coin in separating the better from the good. All in all, they deserve credit for doing a fine job.

George S. chucking a fast and accurately controlled ball has really come into his own and grabbed most of the limelight; backed up by relief pitcher Forrest who amazes the opposition with his change-up. The most distracting player is Ozark who, with his ham-size glove, keeps the team spirits jumping and the umpires on their toes. To all observers, it's easy to realize that the first base target is hard to miss and some people must be eating pretty good in referring to Red Mc. He is backed up by cat-like Camille L., quick-throw Mac F. at short and old man Fournier doing his bit of keeping them honest on third. In center field is Peter W., playing strong; aided by Lavallee in right and Rudy K. in left. The strength on the bench is Kenny A. and Billie O'T.

Results to date: — White Seals 10 - 6, Forrester 9-4, Monty Cassino 9 - 7, Concord 1 - 6, Kings 13 - 26.

The intramural league consists of 6 teams - three A League and three B League; the B Leaguers being farmed out to their sponsoring A League confederates, as follows: —

A LEAGUE	W	L	Pts.	Managers	B LEAGUE	W	L	Pts.
Dodgers	5	0	10	Jerry D.	Red Wings	1	2	2
Jets	1	5	2	Doug D.	Mets	2	1	4
Orioles	2	4	4	John R.	Yankees	1	1	2

(Four B League games are under protest at the present time.)

TOP HITTERS (to June 5th)

A LEAGUE		B LEAGUE	
George S.	714	Nordlander	800
Red Mc.	562	Sullivan	645
Lavallee	500	Richardson	583
McDonald	333	Gordon	500
Towers	300	Chippaway	500

FARM CAMP

SECTION

Another season has rolled around and if all the activity going on in preparing the golf course and the ball diamond is any indication of what to expect, we are in for an enjoyable summer. (Time-wise i.e.)

Our ball team, the Eagles, has entered the Men's Industrial League from Winnipeg and the competition, in jockeying for positions on the team, is really keen. From the potential and ability shown, the eventual starting line - up is going to be quite hard to come up with. In my estimation, from what I have seen so far, the Eagles should be in the Senior loop, for any of the aspirants could easily make a senior team. However, we all hope that whoever is picked will act in a sportsman-like way and give out with all the ability the coach knows he has, to help bring the League Trophy to rest here at the Farm Annex.

After days of hectic preparations and renovations with the ball diamond, the Penitentiary Officers and the Eagles played an exhibition game with the Officers coming out on the short end of the score. This being the first game of the season for both teams, it really showed up, especially in regards to age, as the muscles were creaking. The old adage of 'The spirit is willing but the body isn't' seemed to apply here. However, the spirit will dominate as the games come and go and there's no doubt the body will adjust to the pace.

The long weekend of May 16th to 18th was spent resting, playing golf, and on the evening of the 18th an exhibition game was played between the East Elmwood Cards and the Eagles. The Elmwood team are in the same ball league as the Eagles. The Cards went home after losing by a score of 12 to 3. Dressed in their uniforms, the Eagles are an eye-catching team and if they can't win the Trophy they should be awarded something for being the best dressed team in the league.

The starting line-up for the Eagles was as follows: Pitcher — Big Monty; Catcher — McGee; 1B. — B.C.; 2B. — Mitchell; 3B. — Bobbie; S.S. — Chuck C.; L.F. — Proulx; C.F. — George B.; and R. F. — Rene F.

What might have been an even game changed the moment the Eagles came to bat. From then on the power and the baseball finesse really showed. Consequently, the Eagles switched to their alternate line-up to try and keep the game interesting from a fan's point of view. The score is absolutely no reflection on Elmwood's ability to field a team that can compete in the league, for the potential is there and this was actually their first game together. We definitely can foresee interesting games with Elmwood as the season progresses.

In the more elite type of sport, the Golfers are making like Arnold Palmer and Stan Leonard and the word floating to one's ears is "Fore." In my estimation, we have what could be described as "the best Miniature Golf Course in the country." The par for the nine holes is 27 but the general conversation is about how to crack 36. We have a few adept golfers, so to speak. There are many proficient golfers who, if their names were mentioned would cause too many challenges to be put out. However, in the not too distant future, an Invitational Golf Tournament may be scheduled by our erstwhile Committee. A number of prominent Golfers from around the vicinity and from the city of Winnipeg will be invited to compete.

The fellows are building a Barbecue fireplace and beautifying the Park with flowers, a Rock Garden, and Swings for the young fry that visit their Fathers and Brothers here. Sunday, May 17th, was the first day that the Park had been opened for visits and the laughing and shouting and playing around by the children made us very proud of our little park.

How the Sports crew manage to get the needed materials and supplies for the operation of a sports program, is an enlightening work of art. The hustling is a boost to one's morale! If anything is needed, it will be had, though how it comes about is a good question. There's a lot of head scratching by the Administration, and the remaining hair on their heads seems to be running pretty thin. But good going, fellows, you are doing a good job and the inmate population appreciates your efforts although at times it probably doesn't show—especially, when the call for volunteers goes out.

